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A BACHELOR'S MUSE.

NO LACK OF SENTIMENTALITY IN A
DULL MAN'S REVERIE.

An Estimate of Women That Appears Ludi-
cious to the Student of Changing Con-
ditions—A Few Criticisms and Remind-
ers For the Single Man.

However little may be the logic dis-
played by those who argue against equal
rights, it is certain that there is no lack
of sentimentality on their side. In "A
Bachelor's Reverie" the bachelor la-
ments the fact that woman's work now
is whatever she chooses to select and
sighs for the old fashioned woman who
had no ambitions. Judging from an-
other part of the reverie the old time
woman had ambitions, but they were
strictly of the domestic order.

Her first ambition was to be a wife,
second a mother, third a mother again,
fourth again a mother, fifth once more a
mother, sixth a mother, seventh a moth-
er, eighth a mother once more, ninth a
maternal parent, tenth a parent on the
mother's side, eleventh, twelfth and
thirteenth ditto, ditto, ditto. These
numerous but rather monotonous am-
bitions were cherished, it is to be sup-
posed, in memory of the Emperor Na-
poleon, who once informed Mme. de
Stael that "the finest woman is the one
who gives the most children to her coun-
try."

This estimate of women, which may be
called the Dorking hen estimate, is
ludicrous because it is the limitation of
a limitation. It is safe to assert that
the emperor's famous saying is in great-
er favor with bachelors of dreamy ten-
dencies than with parents of practical
minds. The most enthusiastic mother
builds up her hopes on the reality, not
the number of her offspring, and the
best mothers train their girls for moth-
erhood no more carefully than they train
their boys for fatherhood.

"Life approaches its end and barren
stage," continues the dreamer, "when
man is forced to meet loneliness in the
guise of a competitor." It does seem un-
fortunate that loneliness should occa-
sionally have to compete, but if her hus-
band does not support her or if she has
no husband she must choose between be-
ing a competitor with a man or a finan-
cial dependent on him. Sere and bar-
ren as it may be for man to meet loneli-
ness in the guise of a competitor, it is
even more sere to be forced to meet the
same loneliness in the guise of half a
dozen able-bodied feminine dependents.

"The young girl," muses the bachelor,
"with a mind divided between office and
love could never be the unbathed es-
sence of all that is adorable, the inspi-
ration to all that is worth living for."
To depend entirely on the girl. It is
a foregone conclusion that her mind will
not be divided very long.

If she decides on the office, she may be-
come the embodied essence of all that
is clear headed and true hearted, the in-
spiration to all high thinking and right
doing. If she prefers the other alterna-
tive, the fact that she once aspired to
office will broaden her interest in affairs,
rescue her from the narrow mindedness
which is too often the accompaniment
of a monotonous domestic routine and
keep her thoughts securely above tattle.

We have no grudge against the em-
bodied essence of all that is adorable.
Accompanied by a large mental grasp,
an accurate knowledge of what is being
thought and done by the world's best
thinkers and workers and a livelier in-
terest in the universe than in one small
person inside of it, the embodied essence
would be rather taking. Otherwise it
amounts to no more than so much blank
mange.

Just before rousing from his reverie
the bachelor points out that several wo-
men in the world's history have endeav-
ored to meddle in its affairs and always
with deplorable results. It would be
easy to give a larger list of women who
had been political benefactors, but such
an argument is no more worthy of con-
sideration than the argument that be-
cause there are hypocrites in the church
therefore the church is rotten, or that
because there are quacks physicians
should not be trusted, or that because
there is bad money in circulation one
should empty one's pocketbook into the
fire.

But we are taking the reverie too se-
riously. Dreams, however fantastic, are
always laughed at when the sleeper
awakes and by no one so heartily as by
the dreamer himself.—Wives and Daugh-
ters.

A Punctilious Man.

A card should be turned down at the
upper left hand corner when a call is
made in person and the recipient is not
at home. An amusing case of the punc-
tiliousness with which this rule is ob-
served in Europe is that of an old Span-
ish gentleman who went to pay his de-
votions at the shrine of a saint, but dis-
covered that the church was undergoing
repairs and that there was no priest offi-
ciating at the altar. Unwilling to lose
credit for his devout intentions, he drew
a visiting card from his pocket, and care-
fully turning down the corner reverently
deposited it on the altar.—San Francisco
Argonaut.

Advice to a Would Be Lawyer.

A correspondent asks, "How would
you advise a young man of moderate
means, desiring to become a lawyer, to
proceed?" We would advise him not to
proceed. Of course if he shows signs of
becoming a good and great lawyer, he
might properly borrow money, make his
way to the bar and repay the loan as he
can. But for most men of moderate cir-
cumstances who seek, as you do, "free
legal education," our advice is to give up
the idea. There are enough poor law-
yers now. There are too many lawyers,
for that matter.

A HAPPY MAN.

The Last Day of His Mental Balance a
Happy One, He Knows No Tomorrow.

I have seen at last a happy man, the
happiest I ever knew. He is perhaps 45
years old, and his happiness has been un-
broken for two years or more.

Hear his story. He is a gentleman in
every sense of the word. He has means,
social position and a large circle of de-
voted relatives and friends. He has a
fine physique, a handsome face. But
we did not call him a happy man, "such
a happy man," until two years ago, when
the great change came. He never mar-
ried, and the Miss X, of whom I tell you
was no more to him than his lifelong
comrade, his best of friends—an old
neighbor, related to him in many ways,
but never by the tender tie.

Perhaps he had been more of an in-
valid than he knew, or than his friends
dreamed. One summer day he went to
the little lake not far from his native
village, a popular inland resort, and
spent what he called upon his return
that night "a perfect day." Skies were
never bluer, he said, nor flowers fairer
nor the lake so lovely to him as upon
that day. Only he had expected to
meet Miss X, there and to have had
their usual sail together.

He would go again on the morrow,
take her with him and so double and in-
crease the joy. He went to her house
that evening to play whist as usual. It
was Saturday. She had gone to spend
Sunday at the lake. He was very glad
she had gone, he said; he would join her
the next day. During the game he al-
luded many times to the happy day he
had passed. And what is there in life
after all like a tomorrow full of promise?

That night after reaching his room he
had a paralytic stroke—not a severe one,
only a slight shock, but it clouded his
brain, if we can call that a cloud which
fixed forever in his mind the happiness
reigning there when it came.

Every day since then has been that
happy Saturday to him. He has just re-
turned from the lake. No matter if the
snow is drifting or the rain is beating
the windows, it has been a perfect day,
everything in divine harmony. He will
go over to X's for a game of whist.
Even if Miss X meets him he asks if she
is at home, as if he were addressing some
one else; then he is so glad she is up at
the lake; he is going back tomorrow;
there is every sign of perfect weather,
etc., all in his old time charming way.
Then he takes up his cards and plays a
capital game and goes home in the sweet
expectation of a happy tomorrow.

All else in life seems a blank to him.
In that one fair niche of memory he sees
all of the past, the present and the future.
He appears to be reading often-
times when the book he holds in his side
down. Death means nothing to him.
When his friends die, he does not weep
nor question nor miss them. He has had
such a happy day, and he is going to re-
peat it tomorrow.

Naturally his case is of interest to
specialists. He is never troublesome. He
goes about the village and exchanges cor-
dial greetings. Nor does he always speak
of what is in possession of his mind, un-
less you hold him too long. Then he has
excuse for breaking away.

Question—If that last day of his men-
tal balance had been an unhappy one,
say a day black with anguish or remorse
or embittered with rage and revenge,
would he now be the opposite of what he
is—a wild beast in toils—the remainder of
his life the horrible evolution of an inci-
dental, who knows but an accident,
mood?—Atlantic Monthly.

The Inaugural Ball.

An interesting feature has arisen with
respect to the inauguration of President
Cleveland. March 4 next year occurs on
Saturday. The discovery of this fact has
led to some discussion regarding the
propriety of holding the inaugural ball
on Saturday night, when Sunday morn-
ing must necessarily be ushered in with
the first stroke of 12. Inquiry of those
who have been prominently identified
with the inauguration ceremonies of pre-
vious years shows that this question need
not occasion concern.

In the first place, the event known as
the inaugural "ball" is in reality a re-
ception merely. The throng in attend-
ance is always so great as to prevent
dancing. In the second place, it has,
with rare exceptions, been brought to a
conclusion by midnight, even when no
considerations of respect for Sunday en-
tered into the case. A ball on Friday
night would be inappropriate, and a
postponement to Monday night would be
an injustice to the thousands of visi-
tors who would be compelled to leave
the city before that time. There is no
likelihood, therefore, that the time hon-
ored precedent of an inauguration ball
on the evening of inauguration day will
be departed from when Mr. Cleveland is
inducted into office.—Washington Post.

Wholesale Prescribing.

Lean Customer—I want some medicine
or something that will put more flesh on
my bones.
Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from
large glass jar)—This will fix you. Take
a tablespoonful three times a day, eat
plenty of soup, meat, leguminous vege-
tables, wheat bread and fruits and ab-
stain from energetic exercise. 2s. 9d.
Thanks.

Fat Customer (five minutes later)—I
want something that will relieve me of
this superfluous fat.
Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from
the same large glass jar)—This will fix
you. Take a teaspoonful three times a
day, abstain from soup, meat, legumi-
nous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits
and take plenty of energetic exercise. 2s.
9d. Thanks.—London Tit-Bits.

What Indeed!

Hunker—Do you propose to marry,
Spats?
Spats—Well, what other object would
I have in proposing?—Vogue.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The "raising" of ore and the manufac-
ture of iron therefrom was the leading
industry of south Jersey during the early
part of this century. Charcoal was the
fuel used and coalings were common
throughout the "Pines." An active coal-
ing is now seldom seen. Shells were
hailed by wagon or rowed and poled by
scow from the seashore for a flux, the
oyster then being of more value for that
purpose than for food. Better oysters
could be picked from those shell heaps
than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "mas-
ter ore raiser" for one of the largest fur-
naces there are many interesting notices
of large quantities of clams and rum
bought and sold, but the oyster is never
mentioned. These account books were
decorated with the pictures of soldiers
and warships, showing well the prevail-
ing thought of those days.—John Gil-
ford in Popular Science Monthly.

Look to Your Necktie.

A well dressed man needs to give at-
tention to three details of his dress—his
hat, his necktie and his shoes. He ought
to be particular about his gloves too.
The necktie is the all important. A new
philosopher of clothes insists that every
work of art demands a point of rest—a
pivot spot from which all the rest of
the composition derives its significance.
That point of rest he locates in the neck-
tie. It is poor economy, this philosopher
claims, to wear anything but the best
neckties, no matter how expensive these
may be. If it is cheap and shabby the
entire wardrobe takes on that aspect. If
it is rich and carefully disposed, even if
the other garments are mediocre, it gives
the impression of care and richness. So
look to your necktie, Horatio.—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

Materials For the Dinner.

The materials for dinner should be the
best obtainable, the meat good and the
vegetables fresh. The cooking should be
carefully and properly done. Indige-
stible things, or those which disagree
with the individual, should be eschewed.
After the meal, the diner should rest or
have some light occupation for an hour,
or, still better, two. He should neither
undertake active physical exercise—not
even moderately rapid walking—nor
should he study, think over business or
occupy his mind seriously in any way.—
Boston Courier.

Making Over Old Electric Lamps.

It is said that a German firm in Mu-
nich is making a business of renewing
the filament of incandescent lamps by a
process which costs 25 per cent less than
the operation of making new
lamps. An opening is made in the glass
globe at the upper end. The old filament
is removed and a new one inserted, the
latter being secured to the leading in
wires by means of a new cement, which
becomes a conductor when a current is
passed through it. The lamp is sealed
and exhausted as usual.—New York
Telegram.

English Hospitals.

As regards hospitals, the teeming mil-
lions of London can count upon only one
bed per 1,000—a proportion which is
unique among the large towns of Great
Britain. Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolver-
hampton have 34 beds per 1,000; Edin-
burgh, 34; Dublin, 34; Norwich, Belfast,
Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester and
Bristol have an average of 24 beds per
1,000.—Exchange.

His Recommendation.

Priscilla—Tell me honestly what qual-
ification has your fiance for a husband?
Prunella—Experience. He has been
married three times before.—Vogue.



Mrs. J. H. HORSBY, 152 Pacific
Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes:

"When a girl at school, in Reading,
Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain
fever. On my recovery, I found myself
perfectly bald, and, for a long time, I
feared I should be permanently so.
Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair
Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair

Began to Grow,

and I now have as fine a head of hair as
one could wish for, being changed, how-
ever, from blonde to dark brown."

"After a fit of sickness, my hair came
out in combfalls. I used two bottles of

Ayer's Hair Vigor

and now my hair is over a yard long
and very full and heavy. I have recom-
mended this preparation to others with
like good effect."—Mrs. Sidney Carr,
1460 Regatta St., Harrisburg, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for
several years and always obtained sat-
isfactory results. I know it is the best
preparation for the hair that is made."
—C. T. Arnett, Mammoth Spring, Ark.

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my Agent, to act during my absence, and to
him all debts, etc., due me are to be paid.
Dated Pioche, Nevada, Oct. 15, 1892.